The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXIX October 22, 1943 NUMBER 1

THE WEEK 3
FERRERO'S MESSAGE *F. A. Hermens* 6
ST. JOHN'S, ANNAPOLIS *Leo Leonard Camp* 9
PARIS, 1940 *Anne Green* 11
COMMUNICATIONS 13
THE STAGE *Kappo Phelan* 14
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 15
EDITORS' CHOICE 16
The Fruits of Fascism—The Case for Christianity—Roundup Time
MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK 18
The Air Future—The War Against God—The American—Humanism and Theology—The Abiding Presence of the Holy Ghost in the Soul—Where Love and Friendship Dwelt—Spanish American Poets
THE INNER FORUM 22

THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman.*
Published at 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.—AS. 4-9685
Annual Subscription: U. S., $5.00; Canada and Foreign, $6.00
Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor*; MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor*; C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor*; JOHN C. CORT, *Associate Editor*; JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*.

Pulling the Lion's Tail

A PROPER CAUTION and prudence is always to be exercised by a nation in dealing with an ally, for there is very little disinterestedness in the treatment of one state by another, even though both are, for the time being, pursuing a common end, and even though both believe that it will be in their mutual best interest to work together for many years to come. We should therefore not by any means advocate a blind acceptance of everything proposed to us by our British ally, nor do we believe that anyone in Washington does this, or would like the United States to do it.

But to say so much is not to approve the recent American sniping at England, particularly on the part of certain newly-returned members of the Senate. Thereupon Senator Ellender of Louisiana was quoted as pointing to the vast difference between the British public debt and our own. He did not at the same time point out that the British are trying much harder than we to pay cash for their war. A simple evidence of this is the difference between the British income tax and our own. In England a married couple earning $2,000 a year has to pay the government approximately $500 in income tax; the roughly equivalent figure in this country is $129. Then again, the British are far less generous in the compensation of their fighting forces. It is always hard to make comparisons, but by and large it would be safe to say that British soldiers and sailors, rating by rating, receive only between one quarter and one third what our men get. (British officers receive more nearly the same as ours.) Thus it is obviously unfair—and sniping—to draw conclusions from the difference between the two national debts.

Senator Ellender also undertook to describe the way we obtain nickel for our war effort. These are precisely his words, as quoted in the New York *Times*:

> At the present time, this is the way we get our nickel. The product is mined in New Caledonia, where the Free French have slapped on an additional tax of 17 percent; it is sold to an Australian concern, which in turn sells it to a Canadian corporation, which sells it to us. Then we put the nickel into lend-lease material and send it back to New Caledonia for an IOU.

This is misleading, to use the most generous language. Nickel does come from New Caledonia, but only a portion of the nickel we use. Most of it comes from Canada, where it is mined, refined and sold to our government by an American-owned "Canadian corporation," so that most of the profit in this industry goes straight into American hands. It is a military secret, apparently, how much New Caledonian, but in the light of pre-war figures, the New Caledonian must remain comparatively insignificant. Senator Ellender does not even mention the Canadian.

What is the reason for this new political development coming just on the eve of the Anglo-Russian-American conference? Obviously it would be useful to Stalin if he could point to serious differences between England and the United States in driving his bargain. There have even been hints that the Russian "line" is shifting with the great success achieved by Russian arms, and that now an Anglo-American army in Western Europe would be embarrassing to Russian ambitions. By sheer luck certain statements have been made by junketing senators and picked up in the newspapers—statements naturally pleasing to certain national prejudices—and these statements are being pushed by the isolationist-minded and by certain reactionaries who fear English socialism. Will it end up that this wedge serves no better purpose than to give the Kremlin a bargaining point—*via* Americans who look for communists under their beds every night?

Partisans and Chetniks

CONTINUING reports of successes of Jugoslav guerillas against the nazis, even to the point of threatening Trieste, point to more than a weakening of control in the German-occupied Balkans.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Adriatic may prove to be the non-Russian gateway to Hitler's inner defenses, but that is in some measure due to the anarchy that reigns in those primitive mountain regions. Even in the face of an enemy as powerful and as hated as the nazis, Tito's Communist Partisans and the Chetniks of General Mikhailovitch have again and again engaged in bloody internecine warfare. Even in the period between the two big wars there was intermittent fighting between fierce armed bands. From time to time the Big Powers have fished these troubled waters. But there are more urgent problems for the peace than completely stamping out so chronic a flair for violence and disorder.

Jugoslav and Greek territorial demands have recently been reported, raising the specter of the mad rush for disputed areas that may ensue after major hostilities have ceased. It is fervently to be hoped that this will lead to no such secret territorial promises as plagued the peacemakers at Versailles. Whatever readjustments are made, it should not be on the basis of private deals. The bases for the coming peace must be general—each principal must have the chance to state his case.

Growing Juvenile Delinquency

ONE of the most disturbing results of modern war is general lowering of the national moral tone. This is reflected in adolescent boys and girls, who are the most susceptible to war's excitements and most immediately affected by parental neglect. Recent FBI and OWI statistics on the rise of juvenile delinquency are simply appalling. Officers of the law are normally loth to book minors but prefer to handle cases directly, keeping the offenders' names off the record. More arrests occur in periods like this, when policemen are instructed to enforce local ordinances strictly and arrest all violators without delay. Hence statistics may be discounted somewhat. But even if the delinquency increase is not as violent as published figures would indicate, there is plenty to arouse the gravest national concern.

The proportions of the problem are staggering. Young people caught up in the tension of the war, often with little if any parental supervision, seek ever greater thrills and excitements. Youths bent on one really rousing good time before marching off to war, young men with bankrolls earned at war work burning in their pockets, girls of 12 to 16 gone crazy about anyone in uniform and the ease with which they can meet footloose soldiers and sailors—how can this be counteracted?

This was all foreseen many months ago. But Washington reactionaries sabotaged the nation-wide sports program set up as a preventative as "boondoggling." For many it is now too late for such a remedy. When once an impressionable youngster has tasted the allurements of night-spots, gin-mills and hitherto unknown intimacies with the opposite sex, is it likely he will desert them for a game of ping-pong? America's experience in the last war indicates that this sort of thing will last even after peace has returned. It is a fatal accompaniment of war.

It is only here and there—and especially with youngsters who are still enjoying wholesome amusements—that much can be done through recreation. The family which does its utmost to provide its children with the best possible facilities for a good time at home and welcomes other children from the neighborhood despite the noise and wear and tear on furniture can do the most. Yet for many city families, such open house is physically impossible. Much can still be done to build up genuinely attractive recreation, if not useful war work, in parish and school and local community. In fact throughout the land individual teachers who have taken upon themselves this responsibility are among the unsung heroes of this war. We may not be able to lower national delinquency statistics materially, but here and there public-spirited individuals can protect a number of young people in their vicinity.

Germany?

SOME WEEKS ago we published an article by J. L. Benvenisti entitled "Two Germanies." In the current issue we publish an article by Dr. Hermens of Notre Dame University which also deals with the "problem" of Germany—certainly a key problem for the world's future. In forthcoming issues we hope to publish further, and divergent, articles treating this same matter, for it is a very difficult question and one on which there exists a wide divergence of views.

Russian Notes

FROM OWI: "The Moscow Radio last night announced the creation of a 'council for Russian Orthodox Church affairs,' in a domestic broadcast reported by the Federal Communications Commission. The broadcast quoted the governmental order establishing the council as saying that its purpose is to maintain 'liaison between the Soviet government and the Patriarch of Moscow and all of Russia on such questions concerning the Russian Orthodox church that require the permission of the Soviet government.' G. E. Karpov was appointed chairman of the council, which is to be attached to the council of people's commissars of the USSR, the broadcast added."

FROM PRAVDA: The Tripartite Conference will no more discuss the boundaries of the Soviet Union or the status of the Baltic countries than it will discuss the "borders of the United States or the status of California." The subjects of the discussion will be wholly military.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All Quotes

THE Department of State has released certain documents concerning our "Vichy Policy."

On June 17, 1940, France asked for an armistice and an "honorable peace." On June 17, 1940, this is the message from the Secretary of State to the American Ambassador in Bordeaux; "The President desires you to say that in the opinion of this Government, should the French Government, before concluding any armistice with the Germans, fail to see that the fleet is kept out of the hands of her opponents, the French Government will be pursuing a policy which will fatally impair the preservation of the French Empire and the eventual restoration of French independence and autonomy. Furthermore, should the French Government fail to take these steps and permit the French fleet to be surrendered to Germany, the French Government will permanently lose the friendship and good will of the Government of the United States."

On June 18, 1940, Ambassador Biddle replied to Secretary Hull: "[The Foreign Minister, Baudoin] wished to assure me in the name of the Government in the most solemn manner that the French fleet would never (repeat never) be surrendered to the enemy: 'La question ne se pose pas.' He must tell me though that the last sentence of the message had 'deeply pained' the French Government."

On October 25, 1940, the Secretary of State to the Chargé in France (Mr. Matthews): "If the French Government now permits the Germans to use the French fleet in hostile operations against the British fleet, such action would constitute a flagrant and deliberate breach of faith with the United States Government. Any agreement entered into between France and Germany which partook of the character above-mentioned would most definitely wreck the traditional friendship between the French and American peoples, would permanently remove any chance that this Government would be disposed to give any assistance to the French people in their distress. . . . If France pursued such a policy . . . the United States could make no effort when the appropriate time came to exercise its influence to insure to France the retention of her overseas possessions."

On November 1, 1940, Marshal Pétain replied: "The French Government has declared that the French fleet would never be surrendered and nothing can justify today questioning that solemn undertaking." But matters were not as simple as all that: there were the collaborationists.

On November 4, 1940, this is Mr. Hull speaking to the French Ambassador, Henry-Haye: "I said that Mr. Laval had the privilege of becoming an ally and associate of Hitler and the monstrous things for which he stands, but that he must not imagine that this Government does not know what his attitude and purpose are. I added that we propose to be on our guard with respect to the acts of the Vichy Government, inspired by Mr. Laval, that are intended to aid by French connivance the military activities of Hitler. . . . It is manifest, therefore, that, if Marshal Pétain feels aggrieved at the President's recent message to him, he might well review and take cognizance of Mr. Laval's extreme pro-German plans and efforts, as reported in various way to this Government, and which have been concealed in the main by the French Government."

Finally, on December 20, 1940, the President to the Appointed Ambassador to France (Admiral Leahy): ". . . Accordingly, I desire that you endeavor to cultivate as close relations with Marshal Pétain as may be possible. . . . you should stress our firm conviction that only by the defeat of the powers now controlling the destiny of Germany and Italy can the world live in liberty. . . . You should endeavor to bring to Marshal Pétain's attention such acts done or contemplated in the name of France which you deem to be inimical to the interests of the United States . . . bring to the attention of Marshal Pétain and members of the Government concrete information regarding the American program to this end" (of affording to the Government of Great Britain all possible assistance short of war). The President continues with a review of all the assurances given to American Government regarding the disposition of the French fleet and states that it has been a "cardinal principle of this administration to assure that the French fleet did not fall into German hands and was not used in furtherance of German aims. . . . The primary interest of the American people, and an interest which overshadows all else at the moment, is to see a British victory. . . ." The President ends his instructions with this paragraph. It is a quietly written paragraph and it contained much of the future: "I have noticed with sympathetic interest the efforts of France to maintain its authority in its North African possessions and improve their economic status. In your discussions you may say that your Government is prepared to assist in this regard in any appropriate way."

The policy outlined in these quotations deals with the factors which remained in France after France's defeat: they were the French Government, the French fleet, North Africa—our bridgehead to Europe. The policy will be seen to have been uncompromising, persistent and clear-sighted. It was a tough policy based on power and threat. A ruthless policy. The President and Mr. Hull kept silent all the while people called it "appeasement"—all the while, until it was carried to success.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ferrero's Message

One man's view of Germany's future

By **F. A. Hermens**

MODERN WARS are fought with the weapons of the mind as well as with those of the body. This is as it should be. In a democratic country the people should know that war is waged for a just cause, that it is carried out with the right intention, and that its methods do not go farther than is necessary to accomplish its legitimate ends. The experience of World War I and again of its successor have demonstrated, however, that men find it hard to stop at these limits. The weapons of the mind, in particular, are easily abused. In order to show that their own nation is in the right in a war fought for a concrete end, some people deem it necessary to prove that the enemy country is in the wrong not only in regard to that end, but with respect to the fundamental aspects of its national life. They're inclined to follow a prescription given by Napoleon, who at one time suggested that the French newspapers be directed to "attack England in regard to her manners, her customs, her literature and her constitution." Napoleon did not mention history, but there again the experience of World War I shows that many people on both sides are all too ready to paint the remote as well as the recent past of the enemy nation in the blackest colors.

The literature which is a product of wartime psychology is forgotten a few years after the close of hostilities. It is of considerable influence, however, at the moment when peace must be made. At that time a warped view of the history of the enemy peoples fits in with the anger and the sorrow caused by the devastations of war. There is danger, therefore, that the peace may be as deficient as the knowledge of history upon which it is based.

In view of this situation we might well consider the approach to the historical basis of the peace to come which was developed by one of the most prominent historians of our time. Guglielmo Ferrero, who died last year, was a master of the art of making the past yield its real lessons for the present. (He expressed his views on the current crisis in two volumes entitled "The Reconstruction of Europe" and "The Principles of Power.")

An historian who really has "the feel" of history is bound to have the sense of proportion which is needed in order to avoid being unduly impressed by the facts—and emotions—of the times in which he lives. Besides, Ferrero had to experience personally the tyranny of our time before he came to analyze its effects upon other countries. There are too many observers who view the actions of the people living under a totalitarian dictatorship with the smug belief that "it can't happen here." Consciously or not, they assume that their own people are inherently better than the peoples whom a series of historical misfortunes have driven to their present level of degradation. Rarely, if ever, do such observers feel the full weight of the question, "What would *you* have done under similar circumstances?"

Ferrero's native Italy was the first country to succumb to the totalitarian dictatorship of Rightist denomination. Visitors from abroad might have been impressed by the fact that Mussolini restored "order" after a period approaching civil war, but people like Ferrero knew that it was largely due to Mussolini that there had been such disorder. Foreigners might have admired the bravado of the new rulers and the success with which they blackmailed a goodly part of the world, but Ferrero knew that the régime was as hollow as it was spectacular. Nor did he forget that all the external successes which, for a time, fascism gave to Italy could not compensate her for the moral losses by which they were bought.

In Italy, after the murder of Matteotti, the country tried to revolt, and "to save itself, the dictatorship was obliged to load it with heavy chains." Ferrero, when referring to this fact, continues: "At first I was completely stupefied. It was obvious that the new masters were afraid. But afraid of what, since they were the masters?" Ferrero wondered whether Mussolini might be sharing the constant feeling of panic which evidently dominated his henchmen. A personal experience was soon to answer this question. In a private letter, the Italian historian had made some ironic comments about Italy's new rulers, and a New York journalist based a few paragraphs in his paper upon these remarks. One day, Ferrero received an invitation to appear before the prefect of the province of Florence. This high official drew out of a drawer a lengthy "invective and denunciation," written by the then so mighty Duce

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself. Its concluding sentence was: "Say to Signor Ferrero that the French Revolution treated its enemies in quite a different fashion." This threat of the guillotine was caused by nothing more than some casual remarks in a letter which in most countries would hardly have come to the knowledge of the head of the government!

When Ferrero pondered upon such developments, he was ultimately driven to the conclusion that there are two kinds of government: one kind is voluntarily and willingly accepted by the people; as a result it is self-confident and strong, and can afford to be generous, peaceful and just. There is another kind, which is forced upon the people and remains at war with them as long as it lasts. It sees enemies all around itself, imaginary ones as well as real ones. Its leaders are crazed by fear, and this fear drives them from domestic oppression to foreign wars. They do not feel sure of themselves, they expect attack from every quarter, and thus they do not rest until they have either overpowered all neighboring countries, or have been destroyed in the attempt.

★

Following the example of Talleyrand, Ferrero called the first type of government "legitimate" and the second "illegitimate." This terminology was unfortunate, because it gave to his enemies a weapon to use against him. When Ferrero spoke of "legitimacy," he left no doubt that he advocated "*democratic* legitimacy" as the solution for the evils of our time. Yet some people—because their own views run in this direction—argued as if Ferrero had advocated "legitimacy" in the sense of Metternich, for whom it only served as a veil for monarchical reaction. There were others who were unwilling to listen to Ferrero because his was a message of understanding and reconciliation. They gladly accepted the reactionary misrepresentation of his ideas. Instead of having to deal with the real Ferrero, they could tilt their lances against the imaginary one. Much of the fog surrounding this discussion could be dispelled, however, if the term "legitimacy" were discarded. It is the real stumbling block which prevents Ferrero's message from being understood. In regard to the current discussion, there is certainly no need for the use of the term.

As Ferrero has reminded us so persuasively, the kind of government which stands in the center of our present difficulties is tyranny. We might limit ourselves to the observation that tyranny does indeed have all the characteristics of what he calls "illegitimate" government. The people oppose it, hence they have to be oppressed; and foreign wars always follow in due course. Had Ferrero argued in this manner, he could have strengthened his case by referring to what might be called "the classical theory of tyranny." This theory was propounded by Plato, who almost exhausted the subject in the eighth and ninth books of his "Republic." (These two books, incidentally, are a much better analysis of the nazi tyranny than is Hitler's "Mein Kampf.") Aristotle has given additional details in the third book of his "Politics," and Saint Thomas Aquinas has rearranged the material in "The Governance of Rulers." They all agree upon the oppressive character of tyranny and upon fear as the motivating power of its actions. We might summarize their arguments in Saint Thomas's quotation from Job (xv, 21): "The sound of dread is always in his (the tyrant's) ears: and when there is peace (that is when no one is attempting to harm him) he always suspecteth treason." There is the same agreement upon Plato's statement that the tyrant "is always stirring up some war or other." More than two thousand years of history bear out this view.

If Ferrero exposes himself to misunderstandings in matters of theory, he is brilliant in bringing out the parallels between Napoleon and the modern duet, Mussolini and Hitler. Too many people are still under the baneful influence of the Napoleonic legend. They forget that Napoleon could be quite ruthless and petty in the persecution of his domestic opponents, and rather unscrupulous in the management of the press and public opinion. (The best antidote to the Napoleonic legend remains Benjamin Constant's "On Conquest and Usurpation," written in 1813, the most significant parts of which were republished in New York in 1941 under the title, "Prophecy from the Past.") When Napoleon engaged in one war after the other, he only followed the age-old pattern of tyranny. As Ferrero put it: "*La grande peur* [the great fear], not the courage of genius, drives the tyrant into mad adventures." Nor was Napoleon considerate in his methods of warfare. A Soviet writer, Professor Eugene Tarlé, has reminded us recently of the vandalism shown by the "Grand Army" in Russia, and the "irreconcilable hostility of the Russian people" which it incurred. As Hitler, so Napoleon was prevented from invading England only by the English Channel. Of course, Napoleon did not bomb Coventry—but evidently the only fact responsible for this omission is that he lived in the nineteenth rather than in the twentieth century. If modern war is so much more efficient in its brutality, we owe it to modern technology which, incidentally, has strengthened the hands of the tyrant in regard to his domestic as well as to his foreign opponents. (For example, there might be a chance of hiding a rifle or a machine gun in your home, but you could hardly conceal a tank or a plane.)

The peace which followed the Napoleonic wars was as remarkable as were the wars themselves. The psychological situation was not dissimilar from what it can be expected to be at the end of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the second World War. As there are now people who want to partition Germany, so there were then people who wanted to partition France. Talleyrand, in his "Memoirs," had this to say:

> France was invaded from all sides at once . . . by numerous armies, composed on the whole not of mercenaries, but of entire peoples animated by the spirit of hatred and vengeance. For twenty years they had seen their own territories occupied and ravaged by French armies; they had been forced to pay all sorts of levies; their governments had been insulted and treated with utter scorn; there was no outrage for which they might not have sought vengeance, and if they were resolved to satisfy their hateful passions, what means did France have to resist them?

In the end Talleyrand and Czar Alexander combined to convince the Allies that Napoleon's dictatorship was at fault and not the people of France. The Allies declared that they would not make peace with the dictator but that, as soon as the only substitute then possible—a constitutional monarchy—was adopted, they would be ready to make a generous settlement. There seemed to be great objections to such a policy. According to Ferrero: "France still had only a shadow government. No one knew whether the adherence of Napoleon's armies to the monarchy was sincere." The worst fears in this regard appeared to be confirmed when Napoleon returned from Elba and received an enthusiastic reception. Still, the Allies adhered to their decision. To be sure, they now forced France to surrender the art treasures which Napoleon had picked up all over the Continent (shadows of Schickelgruber!), but they left her territory intact (in fact it was, after the Treaty of Vienna, a little larger than it had been in 1789), and her government independent. In this case as in others generosity proved to be good policy. Until a new dictator came along in the person of Napoleon III, France was not involved in another European war. The English might remember that their representatives were at first somewhat distrustful of the plans of Talleyrand and Czar Alexander. Still the English nation has never had any reason to regret the concessions made in 1815. They have much to do with the fact that there has been no war between the two countries since that time.

★

If we want to apply these lessons to the treatment of post-war Germany (and Italy and Japan), there will arise many difficulties of detail, but few of principle. Germany is now a tyranny. This tyranny must be defeated. Yet, as Danton said: "One does not destroy except what one replaces." The only form of government with which the nazi tyranny can be replaced is a democracy. A democracy is peaceful by its nature; it does not have to fear its own people, and so it can be at peace with the rest of the world. Of course, we cannot *bring* democracy to Germany; it must develop from within. But, as Louis P. Lochner has reminded us, there is now, underneath the "visible Germany" represented by the nazis, a Germany which has to hide itself from their terror, and which endeavors to organize what he calls a "front of the decent people." These people will set up another democracy if we give them a chance.

Or should we refuse to give Germany another chance? If we are inclined to do so, we should remember that in France not one republic was defeated, but three. We are ready to welcome a Fourth Republic in France as soon as Hitler's armies have been driven from her soil. Since the German republicans are two counts behind in this game, could we refuse to them what, in the case of France, we are willing to grant as a matter of course?

Germany's First Republic had many defects. The most important of them was the absence of a government strong enough to put any and all of its opponents—the Junkers as well as some of the generals and the communists—in their places. But German republicans have given much thought to their causes for the weakness of their government, such as the popular election of the president, the system of proportional representation and the large estates which were left to the Junkers, although the time had long since come to distribute them among peasant owners. If left to themselves, the German republicans will not repeat these mistakes. Also they are quite willing to cooperate with us in such matters as the punishment of war criminals, the restoration of stolen properties and the reconstruction of the territories devastated by the war. There is no reason to "coddle" them, but there is no need to "bully" them. Ferrero said about the Allied governments of 1815: "They were not afraid of their victory and did not feel the need of crushing their victim and binding him hand and foot." Are the democratic governments of our age less sure of themselves than were the monarchies of a century ago?

When adopting a policy of confidence in our own strength, and of confidence in the virtues of democracy even if applied in the enemy countries, we need not "take a chance." At the end of the war, the military superiority of the United Nations over the Axis countries will be vast. The terms of the armistice will enhance it further. Therefore we shall find it easy to crush any new adventurer who might rise within the Axis countries before he can do any harm to us. So why not allow the adherents of democracy in those nations to prove that what laid the basis for aggression within their borders was the age-old spirit of tyranny, rather than the peculiarities of their history, and that they themselves can lay this spirit with the help of a working democracy?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

St. John's, Annapolis

After five years of operation

By **Leo Leonard Camp**

IN 1937 St. John's College decided to abolish the elective system and to return to the traditional liberal arts. No more sweeping change had been initiated in American education since Eliot converted Harvard into a training school for specialists. Other experiments and reforms had attracted interest; Reed, Wisconsin, Swarthmore, each in their time enjoyed a mild repute for their attempts to throw off the incubus of the elective system; but it remained for St. John's, in this and in some other respects like Chicago, to stir up a kind of holy crusade against itself. The progressive educators were largely in control of the lower schools; the advocates of early specialization were in control of the universities; St. John's stood out as a lone and impotent challenge to both groups. Yet strangely enough, no school unless it be Chicago, has ever aroused such fury. All the fear and uncertainty about his own profession is focused by the average professor on St. John's; Catholic and secular educators alike attack it with the energy of desperation.

Six years of operation have been enough to refute the most obvious criticisms of the St. John's plan. Anyone who has visited St. John's, as I have, can testify that men trained under this system stand head and shoulders above the average college graduate elsewhere. Students from St. John's know more and they have better disciplined minds; they combine rigor with breadth. Their training in science and mathematics is the best and most complete given in this country to the undergraduate. They are made deeply aware of all the fundamental philosophic positions; in this respect particularly they make the Harvard or California man seem provincial. Having read the most significant books written in the course of Western civilization, the St. John's graduates have an understanding of our culture few professors except the old fashioned classical scholars and some historians any longer possess. In every respect, unless it be in esthetic training (and perhaps even in this), St. John's is greatly superior to other American colleges. Yet criticism of it is just as constant and as vigorous as ever. There must therefore be reasons for this hostility extrinsic to education proper, and of course there are.

Perhaps the most fundamental challenge St. John's offers is in the field of philosophy. American thought has moved steadily in the direction of positivism and phenomenalism. An increasing feeling of social insecurity together with a perception of the loss of direction in modern culture tends to breed skepticism; disillusionment with phony idealistic philosophies tends the same way. But there is a kind of certainty in brute facts, and furthermore facts have prestige in the natural sciences. The dangers as well as the difficulties of philosophizing can therefore be avoided by a strict and skeptical adherence to empiric data. This gives no peace of mind, for "the peace of fact is not the peace of principle," but it removes questions of meaning and value to a safe distance. St. John's makes this dodge impossible. Simply reading the great rational philosophers forces a direct consideration of basic questions, and since such questions can only be considered on philosophical grounds, the whole defense of the positivists crumples like the Maginot line. They are exposed to the pain both of reading and of dialectical reasoning. Their resentment is understandable. Since the very mechanics of modern education, with its emphasis upon the retention of facts without truly liberal comprehension, tends to produce positivists, this motive holds almost as much for Catholics as for anyone else.

A second extrinsic reason for hostility to St. John's is the threat it makes against the present departmentalized organization of the colleges. It would force their abandonment in favor of a number of small colleges. Departments are intended to provide specialized training, but they are radically unsuited to giving a coherent general education. Premature specialization, this is specialization before the student has a foundation in the liberal arts, simply deforms the mind, as well as prolongs the whole period of education. Without the proper intellectual disciplines, advanced education must necessarily produce chaotic, conceptualistic and consequently neurotic habits of thought. The elective system, of course, need not produce even specialists; it may only produce the English major "capable of nothing but meditating on his own ego." Such education merely unfits the student for life, and we see the consequence now in the appalling shortage of really first class men in every field.

But departments are more than a convenient

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frame for college teaching. Every specialist has a vested interest in his specialty. If departments are to go, these men will lose the one thing which gives them prestige and security. Not only that, they will have to lend themselves to what amounts to a complete reeducation. Only a handful of teachers now have the equivalent of a full education in the liberal arts. If the others step out of their own fields, they must immediately confess their lack of general education. Nothing could be more humiliating. And it is not merely knowledge, but habits of mind as well which must be cultivated. The literary man must acquire mathematical and philosophic disciplines; the scientist must learn the art of dialectical reasoning. Artificial and defensive barriers against the consideration of novel and disturbing ideas become impossible; the vanity of the specialist in his undemonstrated assumptions is heartlessly destroyed. There is a reward in the immense broadening and deepening of intellectual life, but the price is high. The professor must humble himself.

A third extrinsic reason for hostility to St. John's is that it requires a wholly different conception of the right methods of teaching. Although this is, to be sure, a question proper to education, the reasons for resistance to it are not educational. The fact is that many professors are fundamentally not interested in the problem of effective teaching. They are interested only in their subjects and in further research for this is the way to advancement. Such men are sufficiently insulated from the student by the lecture system. They seldom have to grapple with the problem of how to secure comprehension. Laboratory work and composition are usually handled by graduate assistants; in other words the teacher who actually meets the student's mind is the least well trained and, because of the pressure of graduate research, the least psychologically fitted to do so.

College teaching so far as possible is reduced on all levels today to a mechanical schema of facts and methods imposed with more or less success upon a passive student. The teacher is the only active learner; he studies, interprets, classifies and then organizes the matter in an easily digestible form for the student. The result, of course, is a great coarsening and materializing of the insights conveyed, and an almost total neglect of those intellectual disciplines by which the student assimilates and correlates ideas. These disciplines can only be attained by the active use of the student's faculties, but the faculties are not aroused to activity except by the challenge of significant ideas and questions. And these questions must be questions for the student personally; the answers must be established from the whole scope of his knowledge and experience. Fundamentally there is no learning except by direct induction. Because of the shortness of life and the superior intelligence of some men, however, this process of learning can best be done by recapitulating significant books and experiments, in their proper order of generality and difficulty (which is roughly chronological). There is more of the hard immediacy of political actualities in Thucydides, for instance, than in any textbook on political science now in use, and the process of induction and generalization is clearer for a learner. Textbooks, on the other hand, so little accustom the student to the facing of real questions that he inevitably acquires a false and academic view of things. The loss of the liberal arts among other things entails the loss of a practical grasp of actualities.

★

The teacher, however, is protected by the device of textbooks and lectures. If he does not have to face the student's questions, except rarely in regard to his own specialty, he does not have to expose his inadequacy. St. John's on the contrary, both in the seminar and in the tutorials, exposes the teacher to a merciless examination. Ideas and their implications are pursued regardlessly of the arbitrary fence lines of subject matters. The myth of the omniscience of the scientist is exploded; mysteries and antimonies are frankly admitted where they appear. Even more important, the teacher must deal with that most mysterious of all things, the engendering of the word. How in fact does one cooperate with the learning mind in forming the concepts by which things are grasped and ordered? If one faces this, one faces what seems to be mere chaos and flux. Everything seems to go adrift; it is easy to tell the student the truth, but to secure real comprehension of it is to enter into a slow, organic process made up of an almost indefinite number of habits and insights. There seems to be no direction and no certainties; for teaching is far more complex than lecturing. If we do not respond to and allow for the spontaneous activity of the mind, education becomes in fact impossible. But these difficulties can be avoided if the teacher begins with the answers rather than the questions; if he keeps the lecture and the textbook between himself and the student, he neither knows his failure nor betrays his weakness.

No school has made a more fundamental and searching reexamination of the purposes and methods of college education than St. John's. But with one exception, no school has seriously attempted to follow St. John's, up until this time. Efforts to find a compromise which will not radically upset the present organization of the universities and colleges have proved feeble because they do not solve the elementary problems of electives and lectures. Schemes designed to give a "broad cultural background" or to broaden the basis for specialization fail because they leave the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

professor entrenched in his vices, and consequently they do not give the liberal arts. Furthermore, such is the uncertainty and division among the most vocal of the educators, the positivists, that we can hope for no plan from them. We face, then, either the necessity of a rigid and sub-rational plan, like that of the army today, laid down by fiat, or the necessity of internal reform. It is still a question whether a civilization in decay is capable of regenerating itself. Catholics, one would suppose, are in the best position to attempt this, but there is little evidence that they care to. But if they do, St. John's should have much to teach them.

Paris, 1940

By ANNE GREEN

HAVING LIVED all my life in Paris, I know very well what happens there on a fine Sunday in June. Early in the morning shutters are banged back, faces appear at the windows of tall apartment houses, and the sky is anxiously scanned. If, sailing slowly across a fine transparent blue sky, certain fat pillowy white clouds can be seen (cauliflower clouds, the French call them) then the heads nod gaily and Parisians prepare for a holiday. These clouds promise fair weather and a day out of doors, taking a bus or train and spilling into the woods which girdle the city.

All children know the first signs of this excursion: a comb run unmercifully through snarled locks, ears scrubbed purple by Maman, who is mentally wrapping the chicken in a clean white napkin, running to the baker for a particularly crusty loaf, putting salt and pepper in paper spills and wondering whether she dare take mustard for the hard boiled eggs. And who will carry the basket of wine? The eldest boy perhaps, although he has a habit of staring at strange sights in a crowded station and walking backward to do so, in a manner highly dangerous to bottles. . . . The last head is brushed, tears dried on the baby's fat cheek and Papa, who is on fairly good terms with the concierge, begs her to keep the hampers while he takes "his little family" to Mass. The church is crowded, but somehow everyone manages to squeeze, keep quiet and stick together.

As soon as the "little family" is once more in the street, the children begin tugging at Maman's hands: "Could it be a cherry tart this time? . . . No, my turn, I choose a Saint-Honoré. . . . Oh, Maman, I would like it to be a Moka." The baby says "Ba-ba-ba-ba," and Papa, who happens to be very fond of Baba, decides that wisdom issues from the lips of the very young. So they all troop into one of the two pastry shops which inevitably flank a church in France (the faithful always buy cakes on the way home from Mass) and after much waiting and wheedling, a little sticky rum-flavored syrup is poured over the Baba and the party starts forth, to return at twilight bearing bunches of wilted field flowers.

One bunch is for the concierge who cannot go to the country. However, she has managed to entertain her family for dinner and after much talk the entire party, leaving a small girl in charge of the lodge, sallies forth to promenade. The concierge and her relatives take possession of every park, criticize the new fountains in the Champs-Elysées, turn up their noses at modern buildings and pass a general inspection of the city. Not a noteworthy detail escapes these people, and any change in the stone face of the town, the least innovation, is greeted with severe censure or faint praise. These democrats obscurely feel that they are the custodians of Paris which has been theirs for two thousand years and they dislike change. And although so many Parisians are afield the Tuileries gardens, the Luxembourg, the Louvre, Napoleon's tomb, the winding, shady *quais,* are black with a solemnly gay crowd, an enormous family airing its children in a huge capital which they take to be their own property.

★

But on the first Sunday in June, 1940, things were very different. No one in the streets; occasionally a military car thundered by at top speed or an empty bus rumbled through wide avenues where the plane trees stamped a flickering pattern of leaves on the sunny sidewalks. Behind shutters, in closed shops, Parisians listened to their radios with beating hearts, for the communiqués, while saying nothing much, conveyed the impression of overwhelming enemy forces pressing ever closer to Paris. And the profound instinct of the people, fostered by centuries of wars and disasters, told of danger. At the same time, faith, that smouldering fire which burns in every human heart, leapt into pure flames, fanned by the great wind of disaster. But still no one said anything. The Parisians sat silent, family by family, and the anguished hush of the city was like the stillness that precedes a storm.

So that Sunday, as always when France and particularly Paris have been in trouble, the people invoked the help of Saint Geneviève. Paris has many patron saints, the great Saint Denis, Saint Marcellus, but the most beloved is Saint Geneviève. Her story is familiar to every French child and her shrine at Saint-Étienne-du-Mont is perpetually surrounded by burning tapers and kneeling supplicants. The saint was born *circa* 420 at Nanterre near Paris. As a little shepherdess she saw Saint Germanus of Auxere on his way to Britain and he remarked on her piety and evident spiritual gifts. From then on she devoted herself to a life of conventual seclusion in Paris, where

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her charity and extraordinary reputation for sanctity won her the admiration of her own people as well as that of the pagan or semi-converted Frankish chiefs. Thus Clovis and Childeric, savage warriors, released prisoners at her request. When in 450 it was proposed to abandon Paris at the approach of the Huns led by Attila, Saint Geneviève assembled all the devout women of the town in a church and exhorted them to avert the threatened calamity by prayer and fasting. And, inexplicably, Attila by-passed Paris and struck south. Until her death in 512 she was able to ward off brigandage, famine, epidemics from her city. She was buried on the high hill which still bears her name and from the year 1130 on, her golden shrine adorned with many precious stones by kings and princes has always been led processionally through the streets to Notre Dame for High Mass in times of trouble. And all Paris followed on foot, having fasted for three days. . . .

When young King Louis XV lay desperately ill at Metz he asked that the shrine make a pilgrimage to Notre Dame in the greatest pomp imaginable, vowing that if he recovered he would build the saint a finer church. His miraculous restoration to health caused him to erect what is now the Panthéon in place of the old abbey of Saint Geneviève. During the Revolution an impious mob melted the gold shrine, stole the precious stones and later burned the saint's bones. All that is left now in the new copper-gilt shrine is a fragment of the old sarcophagus, but to all Paris the spiritual presence of the saint still guards the old Montagne Sainte Geneviève, and she who protected the little town of Paris cannot desert her child now that it has grown so big, so unruly, so forgetful and so unhappy. She is still on her mountain in the venerable church of Saint-Étienne-du-Mont.

So it was announced that Sunday in June that, as always in times of danger, Saint Geneviève's shrine would be exposed to the prayers of the faithful in the square outside the church. And early that beautiful Sunday afternoon people began streaming down the Boulevard Saint-Germain and a great crowd climbed the steep Rue de la Montagne Sainte Geneviève bordered by ageless houses. A large police force watched, having nothing to do. The fifteen thousand persons who reached the Place Sainte Geneviève at the top of the hill knew very well how to mass themselves around the quiet old houses, in front of sleepy cafés bordered with laurel shrubs. They knew how to wait in perfect silence, all eyes fixed on Saint-Étienne at the far end of the square.

No one budged. The anguished Parisians were the delegates of the entire town, the emissaries of those that could not come, a delegation from the saint's spiritual family. They had come to implore the shepherdess of Nanterre, for she had promised to protect them until the end of the world.

They waited, pale, dry lipped, dressed in their best, for the best is none too good when Saint Geneviève's shrine leaves the church to hear the prayers of her own people.

I stood between an old man who prayed ceaselessly under his breath and a poor woman who clutched a worn bag to her faded Sunday frock. All of a sudden the doors of the church were flung wide open and under a brocade baldaquin the shrine was carried out, preceded by young girls strewing flowers. All dropped to their knees while the shrine was borne but a short distance, for the crowd took up the whole square. Saint Geneviève came to a standstill just outside the church.

Now everybody (including much of the police force) sang a hymn; for many the words were dragged painfully from the bottom of memories, from times when they had learnt them as children. . . . Then a canon appeared and once more the crowd fell to its knees, in a single movement as though it had been mowed. The canon spoke shortly in a firm voice which softened when he said: "Now repeat after me: 'I acknowledge . . .' "

The crowd with one voice repeated his words after him, terrible words of accusation and contrition. Afterwards, the poor woman beside me whispered, swallowing hard: "I couldn't understand all the priest's sentences, because these days my head's in a muddle. But I know that it was as though he spoke for me alone. It seems that I have been selfish, forgetful of others, of God. Me, like the others. It must be true or we wouldn't have such misfortunes now. Oh, just look at those Boche planes in the sky yonder! Saint Geneviève, help us, I count on you." She began to cry great painful, scalding tears: "I promise to do better, not to behave as I used to . . ."

The canon disappeared, the shrine went back into the church and there we were, still kneeling. Then the crowd moved slowly away, picking up crumpled rose petals from the pavement. The poor woman repeated: "Saint Geneviève, I count on you," as she walked sadly off.

If I think of this touching ceremony today, it is because there is more and more hope in our hearts and more and more reason to believe that Saint Geneviève will answer her flock's prayer and help her most beautiful country. And I am reminded of Péguy's lines to Saint Geneviève, which I translate literally:

. . . And when the last eve closes the last day
It is she, the venerable and decrepit shepherdess
Who, gathering up Paris and all its surroundings

With a firm step and a light hand
For the last time in the last courtyard
Will lead the vastest flock to the right of the Father.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communications

RELOCATION CAMPS

Los Angeles, Calif.

TO the Editors: Father Felsecker (THE COMMONWEAL, October 1) need not wait for history to "judge and decide the justice of moving so many citizens (Nisei: American-born Japanese) . . . and placing them in relocation centers." There is no justice in it. But the moving of these innocent citizens away from this coast is justified by necessity. For if they remained here the Mikado would somehow contrive to land among us scores of spies and saboteurs, English-speaking and outfitted with false proofs of Pacific coast residence, etc. Great mischief would surely result. But as it now is, any Japanese appearing on this coast will be promptly picked up.

Our Nisei fellow citizens are in the same fix as any of us whose homes might be dynamited to prevent a fire from destroying an entire city.

Further, the safety of the Nisei from mob violence called for their removal. Ordinarily it is the duty of the government to protect against mobs. But in a war for survival all citizens should submit to harsh improvisings when they are clearly necessary.

THOS. R. LYNCH.

STEFAN GEORGE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Max Fischer's review of Stefan George drew attention to a great poet who, with Rilke and others, will represent a better Germany to many Americans who have been treated to an unpleasant spectacle by the forces that culminated in Hitler. I think Dr. Fischer's visible enthusiasm for his hero is quite refreshing.

I hate to have to make two suggestions which may appear petty in view of the real greatness of the poet George. His cult of the body beautiful was, according to his own statement, intended to be pagan. All through his life he clung to an esoteric, aloof attitude, rather contemptuous of the Church and her moral law. His final return through God's mercy and his own humility is certainly the greatest deed he ever did, but it does not posthumously Christianize his poetry. Its Catholic trappings should not mislead us—we find those in Goethe and Heine too. Any reader of his well translated poems can see this for himself. But those who have followed the controversy around him during his lifetime in the major German magazines know that all was not well with this "Catholic" and the claim of the "idealist" wing of the nazis on him was not quite unjustified—even if he shrank from their stark reality and their vulgarity. Nietzsche would have reacted even more violently, but would that be accepted as a proof of complete innocence?

One final remark. Since Saint Thomas's classical definition of man's soul as the *forma substantialis* of the body, it is even more clear than ever that it is incorrect to speak of the body as the "prison" of the soul! In spite of the wording of Saint Paul's groaning over "this body of

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

MU. 9-7000

Altman's has

a fine selection of

BLACK SUITS

FOR THE CLERGY

40.00

excellent suits, tailored to exacting Altman standards, of good quality unfinished worsted. We offer you, too, the services of our expert fitters who will make any necessary alterations to assure you of complete satisfaction. Single-breasted style, in sizes 36 to 46, regular, short, long, stout.

Altman men's suits, sixth floor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

death" and many another ascetic's echo, which are to be understood as the disharmony caused by original sin, and which are outbursts of passionate longing for delivery from the *fomes peccati,* the exact meaning of this expression taken literally would be Platonic, might even be Manichean and, what is worse, has bearings on the doctrine of the resurrection of that "prison" which are destructive of its full meaning. Even the body is called to glory, *vide* extreme unction! What is wrong is its, and the soul's, deterioration, their disturbed relationship.

Now Torquemada wants to bow out of this rôle and make room for the muses.

THE REV. H. A. REINHOLD.

NEWSPRINT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: A special congressional committee has recently been traveling through Canada, investigating that country's newsprint industry, handing out criticisms of the Canadian authorities, and giving unsolicited advice as to what the latter should do to give our great advertising sheets—"news"papers—more and cheaper paper. Should the Canadian Parliament follow the example of Congress, and send a committee to investigate the cause of the newsprint shortage, we may expect to find in the Canadian press dispatches something of this sort.

> New York City. Hon. Xenophon P. McBunklin, member of Parliament for Weissnicht, who has been looking into the waste of newsprint by the great American advertising sheets, gave out this statement today: "We have been studying the files of the New York *Daily Bugle,* a paper that a short time ago reported the alleged growth of an anti-Canadian sentiment in the US, due to the newsprint scarcity. It seems that this sentiment, if any, existed only in the financial departments of the press. We have found that the *Bugle* has devoted an entire seven-column page to reports of the racetrack gambling racket; and that it prints thousands of columns of publicity stuff, boosting the equally crooked prizefight racket and those notorious booze joints called "night clubs," that are the resort of the denizens of the underworld. By omitting this and other wholly useless and deleterious matters, the *Bugle* could easily cut down its consumption of newsprint by many thousands of tons annually." Mr. McBunklin added that he did not propose to follow the example of the US congressional special committee, and criticize the American Government for its failure to take action to prevent wastage of the newsprint supply.
>
> WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

RETURNING SOLDIERS

Collegeville, Minn.

TO the Editors: An alert historian may someday write a thesis from "Post-War Life of Riley" (September 10) and J. B. Lanctot's report on the Veterans' Land Act of Canada (September 24). He will draw the picture which American advertisers held up for returning service men: more comforts, more gadgets, more speed. To complete the reward promised American soldiers he may add President Roosevelt's proposals for continued education, full employment or, if necessary, unemployment insurance and medical attention. And this bright vision will be contrasted with the program of that backward, unprogressive, medieval-minded nation, Canada, which drove a hard bargain with her returning service men: opportunity for ownership of a homestead or a farm, provided the ex-service man persevered for ten years, and repaid two-thirds of the total cost (at 3½ percent interest) within twenty-five years.

From reports which I have received it appears that the Canadian service men are just as antiquated in their thinking as their government. None of those people up there seem to realize that this is *the twentieth century!* Since the passage of the Veterans' Land Act last year, one in ten Canadian service men have indicated a desire to purchase land under terms of the Act. If American service men were to respond in the same proportion, it would mean that planning and funds for a million homesteads should now be available. But does any enlightened citizen in the United States seriously believe that American service men would be more interested in *working* for a home and land than in promises for electronic servants and helicopters?

But just in case we might fall into reactionary leadership, either inside or outside the government, here are the latest figures released by the Department of Agriculture. Three hundred thousand new farms will be needed to supply the desired diet standards for post-war America; 40 million acres of land could be reclaimed; 20 million acres have been acquired by the Army and Navy which could be returned to cultivation. In addition to these possibilities, there are thousands of American farmers who would be happy to share their land with their returning sons if a system of grants and loans were available to allow them to do so without bankruptcy.

EMERSON HYNES.

Mr. Hynes should remember that it is the organized farmer—yes, the Farm Bureau Federation!—which will not tolerate any governmental promotion of a back-to-the-land movement. They don't want competition.—THE EDITORS.

The Stage & Screen

One Touch of Venus

BY THIS TIME, Mercury (the little man in elevator shoes), has undoubtedly let you know that Venus has appeared in Forty-fifth Street and that everybody is pleased. The show is big and beautiful and it seems that Cheryl Crawford has again filled the bill with the right people and, certainly, just in time. Directed by Elia Kazan, the Perelman and Nash book is airy and gay, presenting the goddess first as marble and subsequently as Mary Martin; the transition being effected by Kenny Baker as the traditional bungling boyish Barber; and the ensuing pursuit, of Barber by Venus, leading all over town to conclude happily when the lady relinquishes the stars and descends to "Ozone Park" for good and all, and Mr. Baker, of course. A highly moral tale accomplished to the music of Kurt Weill, lyrics of Ogden Nash,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

choreography of Agnes de Mille, and evidences of lots of love from the house. "A hit" is Broadway's term for such a phenomenon, and even though this phrase means exactly what it says, in that one can often be pleased beyond analysis, I don't think "One Touch of Venus" is the result of luck, stars, rabbits' feet, crossed fingers, or Mr. O'Malley. I think it is the result of imagination and craft. And since it gives me so much pleasure hauling out the credit-box and dustnig it off, I hope you will not mind listening while I open it up, arguing (please) just as much as you choose.

In the first place, the piece is well cast and, better, well directed. The authors have fitted each scene carefully to a finish punch (line or situation), and Mr. Kazan has persuaded the artists to play among themselves as well as to sing *at* the house in the usual operatic manner. Miss Martin as "Venus" (or *vice versa*) is, I think, in the enchanting and dangerous position of becoming legend from this season forth. Her attack is exactly perfect, and she has unquestionably achieved the classicism and (yes, I'm sorry) glamor demanded by the rôle. Add this to her ability to sing a song and you have what people are queuing up for at the Imperial right now. She does display the peculiarity of pronouncing the word *"woman"* as though it were written *"woe-man,"* but for all I know, this little piece of basic Joyce may be intentional on the part of Mr. Perelman. For the rest, John Boles, Paula Laurence, Teddy Hart, a leaning gentleman named Harry Clark, and particularly Kenny Baker are all antic, affable, pleasing and pleased. I would especially urge the technically young to look to Miss Lawrence for any number of invaluable hints. Her handling of the number "Very, Very, Very" could teach anyone the art of phrasing, and she points everything by the use of a most skillful pair of hands. Very, very, very interesting, indeed.

Selfishly enough, I was a little disappointed in the combo of Kurt Weill and Ogden Nash as composer and lyricist. As the anarchist of rhyme, I had hoped Mr. Nash could somehow successfully suit his elastic rhythms to the existing musical tempi; or else that Mr. Weill could somehow fiddle the tempi to suit Mr. Nash. Neither one is the case, and while undoubtedly these two have delivered three or four items to the future Hit Parades, I thought the tunes reminiscent of the "Lady in the Dark" score and the lyrics merely intriguing, and rather easier to speak than to sing.

However, there is still Agnes de Mille, Sono Osato, a troupe of excellent dancers, and a trio of designers to cover. Registered, since the productions of "Rodeo" and "Oklahoma," as insistently American, Miss de Mille has again justified the epithet, and I only wish more of our myth-seeking intellectuals could catch on to her trick. And the trick is that as a fantastist, she is brave enough to begin on the ground. Here with her first urban theme and with the assistance of Paul du Pont and Kermit Love (costume designers), she has turned to the Malman *New Yorker* drawings for her "touch and go." Confronted with the familiar spectacle of a number of pale little boys and girls, all with plastered hair and too many elbows, the spectator is naturally quite willing to ascend into abstraction with Miss de Mille and to find his way, approvingly or not. The whole process is interesting and important enough to deserve a piece to itself, the only conclusion to be drawn here being its artistic authenticity. Needless to say, Miss Osato does not need me to prove that she is the Première Danseuse, and although I thought Howard Bay's settings lacked the exact impertinence demanded by the general scheme, his work is always architecturally satisfying.

And that's all, I think. Except to give you my favorite *mot*—"The hiss of escaping esteem"—*which* (Yoo hoo, Mr. Perelman!) I am stealing for my fury-box right now this minute. *(At the Imperial.)* KAPPO PHELAN.

Sentiment and Satire

"PRINCESS O'ROURKE" is a delightful American fairy tale for grownups. It tells the story of a royal princess whose country was overrun and whose family is in exile. She sits well guarded in an expensive New York hotel—like a bird in a gilded cage. But one day she gets out of her cage and meets Eddie O'Rourke, a nice, middle-class American boy; and she likes him and his middle-class married friends who have a cute little apartment. Eddie thinks Maria is a poor refugee; although she loves him she refuses his offer of marriage. But her royal uncle thinks the match might be O.K. After all, Eddie has nine brothers and eleven uncles, so it is likely that he and Maria will have many boys; and since the major purpose of marriage is to cement countries, why not do a little cementing with U.S.A.? Eddie is of course dumbfounded when he learns Maria is a princess. However, he goes ahead with the business. He isn't too displeased at getting a hundred and fifty thousand a year as prince consort. He accepts the invitation to the White House. Everything gets grander and grander until he learns with a bang that he will have to renounce his American citizenship. Then there's a big fuss. But things work out all right because this is a fairy tale and everyone, except the royal uncle, is happy in the end. Norman Krasna wrote and directed this pleasant film which is full of warmth and gaiety. He steered his good cast with light touches through what might have gotten sticky with sentiment. I wish the running time had been a little shorter; occasionally the story's thinness becomes apparent. Olivia de Havilland is beautiful and charming as the shy, genteel princess who can't sew and cook and who is resigned to her duty until she realizes Lincoln may have included her when he freed the slaves. Robert Cummings is appropriately smooth, surprised and adamant as the American boy who has a short pipe dream. In sup-

"GOOD FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY."—Nichols, *Times*
Approved By The Catholic Theatre Movement
Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
SECOND EDITION
"STARS ON ICE"
CENTER THEATRE Rockefeller Center CO. 5-5474
Ind. Subway Direct to Door. 49th St. & 6th Av.
Eves. 8:40; Sun. 8:15; Mats.: Wed., Sat. 2:40; Sun. 3.
No Monday Perf.
50c - $1.00 - $1.50 PLUS TAX
Saturday Nights Only 50c-$2.50 plus tax.
Mail Orders Filled.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

porting rôles, Jane Wyman and Jack Carson are effective as the poignant young married couple whom the princess envies. And Charles Coburn performs with his usual competence as the bossy uncle. "Princess O'Rourke" is not the great American film, but it has its bright moments and scenes like the First Aid Class, or the discussion of the icebox, or the two boys comparing the merits of the princess, or the episodes in the White House will leave you with a warm glow.

Not only does *"Lassie Come Home"* not avoid sentimental pitfalls, but it seeks, finds and wallows in them. Based on the story by Eric Knight, the film has been given a first-rate production by Samuel Marx. Fred M. Wilcox has directed Hugo Butler's script with a full understanding of the characteristics and limitations of people and dogs (in the film and in the audience). For this is mainly a movie about a dog—a dog's devotion, perseverance and courage. During the dark, pre-war days of unemployment and dole, a family in Yorkshire, England, realizes they must sell their fine collie because they need the money and cannot afford to keep her. But Lassie, herself, does not understand and continually runs away from the Duke's kennels to meet young Joe at four o'clock as has long been the custom. Each time, Joe's poor but honest father insists that the dog be returned. Then when the Duke moves to his estate in Scotland, Lassie is taken with him, and the major portion of the film is taken up with Lassie's adventures in returning to Yorkshire after her escape. These travels are beautifully photographed in excellent technicolor and are made very exciting as Lassie meets each obstacle. The great distance, the rivers to be swum, the storms to be braved, the humans who prove mean and the kindly people who restore Lassie and knowingly send her on her way all provide interesting episodes in this long journey home. Lassie herself gives an outstanding, a really great performance as the star of the film. She is well supported by Roddy McDowall as her young master, Donald Crisp and Elsa Lanchester as his parents, Edmund Gwenn as the traveling peddler who joins Lassie on part of the trip, May Whitty and Ben Webster as the elderly couple who nurse Lassie through an illness, and Nigel Bruce as the Duke who purchased Lassie. This latter characterization, by the way, might easily cause eyebrows to be lifted again at England's undemocratic lines of demarcation between classes. This is an unfortunate portrayal at a time when we are all so touchy on the subject of class consciousness. But dog lovers will go for "Lassie" in a big way. And even those who are not so enthusiastic about dogs will be stirred by the beauty of this film. Only the strictly unsentimental should be warned against it—for its makers knew what they were doing, and they did it.

"True to Life" won't exactly send you from the theater in the gayest mood you've ever known, but it does provide an hour and a half of mild fun not to be sneezed at these days. Its plot is about a couple of boys who make a thousand bucks apiece every week writing one of those continued stories on a radio program. But because their leading character has lost touch with life, their program has lost *millions* of listeners, and the managers of the Sudsy-Suds show are furious. So while one of the boys (Franchot Tone) hits the high spots to look for new and realistic material, the other (Dick Powell) searches in more drab corners like subways and lunch counters. Dick finds a waitress, Bonnie Porter (Mary Martin), who is a Pollyanna in the flesh, the kind of glad-girl who makes up stories about people on the bus and who actually likes the rain because it washes everything so clean. She even takes Dick home because she thinks he's jobless and broke. Bonnie and the Porters are just what the boys are looking for. In fact the family is a bit too pat: the inventor father (played delightfully by waddling Victor Moore who fidgets among his gadgets and is touchingly sincere as an air raid warden), and the bossy mother (Mabel Paige) who keeps a strict eye on this loafer her daughter picked up, and the lazy uncle (Bill Demarest), and the brother who wants to be a doctor, etc., etc. And of course, most of all, big hearted Bonnie. Don Hartman and Harry Tugend, who wrote this screenplay, didn't have to do much inventing in patterning this family after radio serials, but their satire is amusing and many of the script's lines are bright and full of chuckles. George Marshall's direction points up the humor and Paul Jones's production never gets too flossy or pretentious. Powell and Tone play the two radio writers with playfulness and the right amount of throat cutting when they compete for the gal. And Mary Martin is most competeable for. Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer wrote a couple of songs that fit well into the film's bantering mood.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

THE FRUITS OF FASCISM. *Herbert Matthews. Harcourt.* $3.00.

ROUNDUP TIME. *Edited by George Sessions Perry. Whittlesey.* $3.00.

THE CASE FOR CHRISTIANITY. *C. S. Lewis. Macmillan.* $1.00.

"Vinceremo"

HERBERT MATTHEWS is in Italy reporting the war for the New York *Times*. With the British and the American armies he is penetrating day after day further into a country he knows well and loves. With the guns and the tanks he is advancing into a country which lies in ruins, among people whose homes and lives are ruined. But that sounds as though Italy were quiet among the ruins, as though Italy were like Pompeii, as though Italy were among the ruins with the sunlight on the shattered marble and the wars which made the ruins remote and ended. But the fighting is not ended, the ruins are not complete; they are not definitive; there is no guide to show them. A certain number of ruins have been added to all that had been ruined by earthquake, volcano, the ancient wars, and time. Every day there are fresh ruins like freshly opened graves. Siena, Florence, Ravenna, Venice are still to fall.

Mr. Matthews advances in this unhappy land where the new ruins merge with the ancient ruins. The calamities through which he progresses, he describes in the cables he sends to the *Times;* in the book he has written he tells why they are there: they are the "Fruits of Fascism."

A book written by a newspaper correspondent generally contains two parts most unequal in value. There is the part which describes what he has seen—and the historical

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

part, the "background" part, which the editor has told him he must put in and which, hastily, he has looked up in a book, or perhaps even in two or three books. That is the way it usually is, and you read a correspondent's book for what he has seen and less for what he has thought. Not so with Mr. Matthews. Here is the documented meditation on the origins, the history, the theory of fascism which takes precedence over direct reporting. With great sureness, ease and economy Mr. Matthews has written an excellent historical essay. He has written so brilliant an essay that when in the latter half of the book he occasionally uses the first person singular and says, for instance, that he saw Goering eating fettucine in a restaurant, there is a change of tone, a sense of the immediate and almost of the trivial, which strikes the reader as an intrusion.

We notice these minor defects because they intrude upon the best brief account of the rise of fascism that we have read. What is so excellent in Mr. Matthews' study is his sense of time. He confines an event to the time in which it took place: what could one see in it, what could Italians see in it then, when it occurred? His title makes the condemnation of fascism too easy; it is too easy to judge fascism by its fruits; everyone is anti-fascist now. But what was fascism before it produced its fruits? It was not so easy to know at the time. From the start the essence of fascism was violence, and that was easy enough to recognize at the time, there were enough people who suffered from the squadristi, the violence was visible enough. But it was not the only thing to look at, or rather it seemed not the only thing to look at. The period in which fascism originated was very confused. There was socialism going to pieces and wrecking itself in the general strike. There were the nationalists. There was the Partito Popolare caught between two extremes. Mussolini's violence seemed at times no more than the impatience of all sorts of hopes, and that was not entirely untrue. So that in those days of confusion it was possible to be confused. Not, of course, if you could have looked only at the texts of Mussolini's pronouncements, not if you could have selected, as Mr. Matthews now has done, the significant passages in his speeches. For then you would have seen that violence could not be a passing phase in fascism, but the permanent characteristic of fascism. All the good things that were done by Mussolini—and Mr. Matthews recognizes all of them—were to be subsidiary, necessarily and enduringly subsidiary, to a persistent and reasoned doctrine of violence. The record is there for everyone to read but it was not so easy to read it while it was being composed.

The story Mr. Matthews tells is a tragic story written by him with that compassion and understanding without which a tragic story is spoiled in the telling. "No apologies will ever be made by me for my love of the Italian people. . . ." writes the author in his prologue. That is why this book is not smart or contemptuous or false. It is no insult to the conquered.

Git Along

SUPPOSEDLY, a regional anthology can do one of three things: give a rounded picture of the region, provide a sample from every writer in the area or present a rattling collection of good writing with a common regional tone. Mr. Perry's "Roundup Time" does the last of these. In his roundup he has so largely missed the Spanish-Mexican-mission aspects of our great Southwest that his corral is incomplete. And, as will be seen presently, his selections sustain too high a literary pitch to have included everyone.

His ten short stories are as neat a batch as will be found in any modern collection. Conrad Richter's "Early Marriage" and Katherine Anne Porter's "María Concepción" reach convincing heights of horror and suspense. There is a Paul Horgan about artist-colony Taos and D. H. Lawrence and an amusing O. Henry with the expected trick ending. The most entertaining is Stanley Vestal's "Dakotah Courtship," where ancient Indian traditions, modern wisecracks and age-old strong-arm methods happily intermingle. This little gem was first printed in the *Southwest Review*.

The excerpts from novels are less successful on the whole. They seem mostly bent on creating atmosphere: Oliver La Farge's Indians, Elizabeth Lee Wheaton's Negroes of "Georgia Joint," Steinbeck's Okies particularly. They certainly do that job. The section from Mary King's "Quincie Bolliver" is a touching picture of a neglected little girl's arrival in a tough pioneer oil town.

Most information about the region comes in the long biography section. Mr. Perry devotes his biggest slice to Mabel Dodge Luhan, whose comments on D. H. Lawrence sound the one wacky note in the whole performance. The editor says elsewhere that the Southwest has never recovered from Mr. Lawrence's visit; certainly Mabel never has if her fevered words mean anything much. The region's indigenous heroes of boot and saddle and six-shooter seem plentiful enough.

The final brief criticism section seems tacked on as a hasty afterthought except for Rebecca W. Smith's informative little treatise on Southwest fiction. Mr. Perry's performers look primarily to the Southwest's lurid past and its picturesque present. They give considerable evidence of genuine cultural stirrings of some promise. For the most part his collection provides skilfully diverting fare.

Smart Writing

AS A result of the success of the "Screwtape Letters," Mr. C. S. Lewis's publishers have decided that his other books should likewise be made available to the American public, and this is cause for pleasure. There is no doubt Mr. Lewis writes brilliantly. He has the gift of conveying precise thought on complicated matters to the ordinary, non-technical reader, and this is a rare gift. It is particularly effective in his little collection of radio talks entitled "The Case for Christianity." In 56 pages he covers a simply incredible amount of ground, starting out by discussing man's sense of right and wrong and by demonstrating what is the Natural Law. His exposition is admirably articulated. From the existence of the Natural Law, which he carefully distinguishes from the laws of nature, he proceeds to the existence of God and from there to the existence of the specifically Christian God. He then gives a brief justification for belief in Christ as the Son of God and as the exemplar after Whom each Christian must seek to model his life if he is to come even near living in accordance with the Natural Law—doing that which he wishes to do but finds he cannot do. So brief a description of a book which is itself terribly packed and dense of course does that book no justice. But since the book's title is rather vague (the English title was even worse, "Broadcast Talks") some brief summary is necessary for fear you might think that what Mr. Lewis sets out to do is a justification of the historic record of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christianity—something he is very far indeed from doing.

Nor is his theology a sort of minimum theology, covering and including only those things which all Christians join in believing. His theology is traditional Christian theology. It is elementary if you like, but only a trinitarian would agree to it. He tells us in a foreword that he submitted his text to three ministers (Church of England, Presbyterian, Methodist) and a priest, and that substantially all he had written was approved by all four. The priest felt that Mr. Lewis went too far "about the comparative unimportance of *theories* of the 'Atonement.'" By this he means that Mr. Lewis insists that the *fact* of the Atonement is far more important than any *theory* seeking to explain it; Mr. Lewis uses the analogy of a physicist trying to express in concrete metaphors facts about atomic structure which can only be fully stated in a mathematical formula. The formula, like the Atonement, is the reality; the metaphors, like the theories, are useful only if they help us understand the reality. The priest is right. Yet there is no genuine difference here, since what Mr. Lewis is attempting to do is to teach, and often in teaching it is very effective to exaggerate somewhat.

"The Case for Christianity" is a book which could profitably be used in any Christian Doctrine course. There is nothing quite like it already in existence, and the freshness of its point of view, its sparkling clarity, the fact that it is written by a man who only a few years ago had no religious beliefs—all these things conspire to make it peculiarly effective with students of college or even high school age. Certainly if it is widely read among American Catholics, there will be less ignorance of fundamental theology. The only reservation which must be made in connection with it is to point out that it suffers from the fault of its virtues. It is not only very British, it is very Oxford, and there is a certain cock-sureness in its tone. Hence it seems brittle, and is likely to be more useful as a stimulant than as a promoter of meditation. But a stimulant it certainly is.

More Books of the Week

The Air Future. Burnet Hershey. Duell. $2.75.

MAN HAS taken to the air in a grand way. Thousands daily wing their way around our planet with a precision and certainty far beyond the vision even of the prophets of the past decade. And no end is yet in sight to the improvements that will take place. The last war advanced the airplane from a plaything to a fairly dependable machine, though still a contraption of wood and wires and fabric. The twenty years that followed witnessed a slow but steady improvement. Now, in the forcinghouse of war, history repeats itself. When the secrecy surrounding military affairs is past we shall behold a brand new thing. It will not be perfect. But in its new form the airplane will leave the earthbound gasping.

All this is easy to say. But its implications are terribly hard to grasp in full. For the majority of men *are* still earthbound. Their vision is restricted to two dimensions. Their thoughts are attuned to distorted and dangerously misleading maps. But the air future demands that they learn to think of the planet as a globe on which great circle routes are short cuts, and of the air as a medium of travel which transcends the boundaries of nations.

Mr. Hershey gives the facts which should hasten this necessary re-orientation of thought. For, as he indicates, general use of the airplane introduces problems in international relations which demand a new approach. "The important thing about aviation," he writes, "is its universal character. It can be destructively annihilating or almost superhumanly beneficent; but it can never be subject to localized restriction."

Anyone who can comprehend the facts which the author has packed between these covers will hesitate to talk glibly about freedom of the air or to propose rigid regulations which seek advantages for the United States at the expense of others. Freedom of the air means, of course, controlled freedom. That is something we may arrive at in time. But, just as the air is international, so such control must be international. That implies the existence of an international air police under an international authority. We are still far from the point in our thinking when such a force will be demanded and backed by all. At least that is what many of the flying men to whom the author has spoken think. And that is why they are pessimistic about the future. They foresee a struggle for air advantages between the nations and a resulting air war which will ultimately find each nation fighting alone. They believe the processes leading to such a war of annihilation could be stopped by airborne police. But they believe the nations still fear such an army more than they fear the war which, without them, is almost certain. The author offers a way out in the reciprocal exchange of general rights of air passage between nations, with the right to land anywhere for refuelling and other technical purposes. That is not the way of self-seeking nationalism. But it is the only way to develop international air traffic in the interim before freedom of the air under international control becomes a reality. The alternative is a cartel-like monopoly by a few powerful nations —then the war which the airmen fear.

This book is a restrained plea for wisdom in the use of the new power wings have given man. The facts speak for themselves. The airplane can break down racial barriers, bring freedom of intercourse between men, greater mutual understanding, and peace. It can assist the decentralization of industrial populations and give many the measure of security accruing from the ownership of real property. It can solve the problem of distribution and offer an obvious escape from self-strangling restrictions on production designed to safeguard profits. For the whole world is at the doorstep of every factory today. It offers a market which cannot be glutted in any future man can foresee. The airplane can do this and much more. It can also spread devastation, pestilence and ruin. For it is only a machine. It is up to man to determine whether he shall use it wisely and establish peace, or, because of selfishness and fear of change, permit it to be the instrument of his final destruction.

The last chapter presents the questions which the Civil Aeronautics Board sent to the commercial airlines of the United States in May, 1943, together with the author's answers. These are worth study. They form an excellent summary of the book. WILLIAM AGAR.

The War Against God. Various Authors. Edited by Carl Carmer. Holt. $2.75.

THIS BOOK, an undiscriminating collection of utterances of various Christians about the present war, is designed to persuade the reader that the conflict now

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ruining the happiness of man is a crusade against the enemies of Christianity, which are Germany and Japan, carried on by a high-minded group of Christian nations—the United States, Russia, China and the British Empire. Here are papers by Henry Sloane Coffin, looking down his nose at those who doubt the impeccability of them that disagree with him; by Bishop Manning in his most British manner; by Bishop Hobson of Ohio, superficial and journalistic; by several other Protestant clergymen. But there is no hint that vast numbers of Protestants disagree with these gentlemen, as in fact they do—notably the *Christian Century* group, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, the Commission for a Just Peace of the Federal Council of Churches. Some Catholic papers are included, by comparison temperate and by no means really supporting the announced thesis of the book; that the war is due wholly to a nazi-Japanese plot against Christianity. A paper by Pearl Buck wanders in forlornly, a paper which does not in the least support that contention, but rather faults the Church, and Britain-America, for an Asiatic policy as bad, she thinks, as that of any of our enemies. This is strange company for Mrs. Buck.

That the nazis and Japanese have been of late exalting the State above Christ's religion and morals is a truism which needs no reiteration. There is not one word in the book about that attitude being even more vocal in Russian statements, even more plain in Russian acts.

Happily one may contrast this somewhat ridiciulous volume with the official utterances of Christian bodies in the Allied countries. In the First World War most of the spokesmen for Christianity made over-simplifications such as those in this book, and without much thought backed political adventures of dubious morality in the name of God. In this war, while recognizing the threat of Christianity in the Axis countries, they have not denied the guilt which lies in every nation, not one of which is Christian and all of which follow chiefly in their policy a mere worldly expediency, with no serious attempt to do the will of God.

One need not bother buying this book.

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.

The American. James Truslow Adams. Scribners. $3.00.

WHAT IS an American? There are as many answers as there are ideologies and sentiments. Practically, the law defines an American, but obviously legal mechanics cannot give to one, or a group, characteristics or peculiarities that might be called American. Yet it cannot be gainsaid that there are peculiar traits and characteristics that stamp individuals and groups as American. What are they? From where did they come, and why? Mr. Adams tries to answer in his latest work, "The American."

Most striking note of the book is Adams's propensity for generalization. A few of his conclusions, put forth without attempt at proof, are a bit hard to take. But, in the main, his generalizations, proof or no proof, are objective, fresh and, on the surface at least, logical.

The author takes as his thesis the effects of America, or our little segment of it, on the people who came here from Europe and their descendants. He develops clearly and logically the evolution of a way of thinking, of working, of living, showing the mutative effect of terrain, of climactic conditions, of isolation, of wildnerness and vast opportunity for expansion. Europeans came here to conquer a new world. They did, and were conquered

This Publishing Business

What could be more fascinating than one's own inside—what the doctor said: what the surgeon did? That's if you're lucky enough to have been spectacularly ill. Even if you haven't, conversation need never flag: vitamins, blood-stream, ganglia, sinus, the juice of thirteen lemons, thyroid, typhoid, and an apple a day. How our machine works, how to get the best performance out of it. The mystery of life, fulness of living.

But that's only the surface of our inside. What about what's inside the inside? That which makes us to be alive, that which makes us to be at all. Odd that curiosity should stop so utterly. Right at the most interior point of us there's a communication of power from God by which we are, by which we live. Crassness, thick crassness, not to be interested in that. It's *the* mystery of life, and luminous. And as to fulness of living, there's a flow of life from God to man, and channels by which it flows: for the grace of God is an order, a dispensation, not a cloudburst.

To be so interested in the veins and arteries by which the blood streams through our body, to be not interested at all in the channels by which the Life flows through our life—that is very curious. Studying the Sacraments means studying how we may increase the flow, be more alive: to put it bluntly how we may handle ourselves better and get all that's coming to us; all; All.

Once I heard a priest complain of Catholics who do not bother with the great dogmas: "To them religion means nothing but the Sacraments—in respect of which they are not gluttonous." Who is likely to be gluttonous for Sacraments if he does not grasp the dogmas? What are Sacraments for? To give us Grace. And what is Grace? Something to die in a state of. If that's all we know about Grace, it's hard to be avid for Sacraments.

That is why Father Bernard Kelly (colleague of Dr. Leen in the Holy Ghost Novitiate outside Dublin) begins his book *The Sacraments of Daily Life* by two chapters on Grace. They are very clear even to one who comes new to the reading of theology. At the end of them he will still know that Grace is something to die in a state of, but also he will know why: we could not live the life of heaven without it.

The treatment of the Sacraments is equally lucid. They are examined in their relation to the nature of man (he is a union of spirit and matter and so are they); in their function in the Mystical Body; in their perfection as a group; in the special quality of each.

The book will do a vast service to people to whom the word "interior" means only stomach. To be so utterly cut off from one's own interior is exile indeed.

—F. J. S.

The Sacraments of Daily Life
by Bernard Kelly, C.S. Sp. $3.00.

SHEED & WARD—63 FIFTH AVE.—N. Y. C. 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by it. For out of their plans and struggles, their accomplishments and misdeeds, out of their first beachheads and later expansion there evolved a being so different, in many respects, from the immigrant that the type may be recognized the world over.

The author gives short shrift to any idea that the colonists, whether Virginia type or New England, whether indentured servant or refugee from religious persecution, came here to develop a land of liberty. He amply proves that such a thought was far from the minds of any of them. Escape religious persecution, yes. To establish religious toleration, no. It was the country, with its vast opportunities, that made liberty necessary. First, liberty to conduct one's economic affairs in a freebooting fashion. The distance from the mother country made this possible. It was a selfish demand, not an ideal that gave rise to the liberty of today. The fact came first, then the ideal. It may be a disturbing thought, but there it is. The liberal idea, stemming from this selfishness, gradually evolved into an all-embracing idea of liberty.

The parismony of New England soil gave its character to the New Englander. The generosity of Southern earth made slavery possible. As the country expanded, and new types of terrain and struggle unfolded, new characteristics were developed, but everywhere there was the urge to do as one pleased, unrestricted by laws, religion, etc. Here was the birth of liberty, not in a Great Idea.

Taken all in all, the work will be found refreshing, in the best sense of the word, informative and entertaining. Yes, I said entertaining, even if Mr. Adams might object to the word. A few criticisms of fact may be in order, but they are minor and are due to the aforementioned generalizations. Bostonians and Harvardians may be irked a bit, perhaps justifiably. And those who demand a social crusade in their history reading may find fault here and there. But that doesn't matter.

America is not a nation above criticism, developed by ever-righteous wars; it is not a series of dates and presidential campaigns and Acts of Congress. It is a half-deliberate half-accidental nation, born of sorrow and selfishness, of heroism and villainy, of greed and sentimentalism, of political freebooters and leaders of noble stature, all conditioned by nature, necessity, good luck and bad. Out of the welter of good and bad environmental factors came a type. He is called the American. It might called national determinism.

WILLIAM CALLAHAN.

Humanism and Theology. Werner Jaeger. Marquette. $1.50.

BY THIS WORK on Saint Thomas and humanism, which is this year's Aquinas Lecture, Professor Jaeger aids us in the pressing task of getting back to the source of Christian civilization.

To some the question as to whether man or God is the center of the world has always remained the contradiction of *either . . . or*. To them Saint Thomas cannot be both humanist and theologian. To keep the humanism they would throw out the theology. Professor Jaeger shows, in brief, that this is to let out the baby with the bath. He rightly points out that it is a question of the way you look at the nature of man. If man is not completely man without God, if his is an "open" nature that looks to the eternal, then the only truly humanistic view of the world has to include God. But this is, obviously, to include theology, as did Saint Thomas. Professor Jaeger shows that it is also humanistic. Taking *humanitas* in the Ciceronian sense of "the arts and letters of the Greeks, insofar as they represent the Greek ideal of man," he is at once on his home-ground of *paideia,* on which he has done his greatest work. He distinguishes two basic Greek theories of culture: the sophistic and rhetorical, summed up in the protagorean formula, "Man is the measure of all things" and the philosophical, which is expressed in Plato's "God is the measure of all things." Instead of missing the mark of human endeavor with the "desperate idea" of the sophists, the humanism of Saint Thomas is in line with that of the great Greek philosophical tradition. For him, as for Plato, Aristotle and Augustine before him, the question always is, in the words of Dante: *"come l'uom s'eterna"* (how man makes himself eternal). And that brings theology into humanism.

But what that eternity is and how man can reach it are questions scarcely touched in this book. So too all the differences between Saint Thomas and the Greeks on the answer, and all the gulf that separates the pagan and the Christian world, the Greek philosopher and the Christian saint. For that eternity of the Greeks was only to be reached by the philosopher, while that of Saint Thomas is also open, and often more easily, to the simple man of faith.

OTTO BIRD.

The Abiding Presence of the Holy Ghost in the Soul. Bede Jarrett, O.P. Newman. $1.25.

THIS is a re-print of twenty-six meditations on the indwelling of the Spirit of God in the human soul. The author tells us in his preface that he was led to write them because thus far (1918) there had been no direct exposition of Catholic teaching on this subject in English. He was inspired by a similar work in French by Père Barthelemy Forget, O.P., which he preferred to re-write rather than translate. The present book is brief —there are only eighty-five pages of exposition—with a short preface, table of contents, and a re-print of the encyclical letter of Leo XIII of May, 1897, on the "Abiding Presence of the Holy Ghost in the Soul."

Each meditation, of which there are twenty-six, has a three-fold division. Father Bede has treated succinctly the themes of God's presence in its various degrees, the modes of that presence, the effects of the presence, and the seven-fold gifts of the Holy Ghost. Slowly but solidly he has built up an edifice of Catholic doctrine in the tangible form of brief meditations. The style is simple and attractive, like most of his writing; the explanations are clear and satisfying; the total effect is that of encouragement and inspiration, "making us conscious of the intimacy of God's dealing with us," thus lessening "life's greatest trouble, its loneliness."

RICHARD FLOWER.

Where Love and Friendship Dwelt. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Dodd. $3.00.

MEMOIRS, such as these and their predecessor, "I Too Have Lived in Arcadia," have a special interest for those who are the writer's contemporaries in the full sense of the word, those who have lived in the writer's times and in the time of those of whom the writer tells. When writer and contemporaries are all gone, the next time that interest in "memoirs" arises is when biographies of either the writer or contemporaries are in hand, and the biographer is hunting for "color" to light up the figure of his sitter. The second half, or so, of Mrs. Lowndes's book contains plenty of "color"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or portraits of many literary celebrities in the France of the eighties on to the first war. The Goncourts, Verlaine, Maupassant, Loti, Zola, the Daudets, Anatole France, Sardou, Dumas *fils,* "Gyp," Caran d'Ache, Jules Verne, Juliette Adam, Louise Michel, Severine—all come to life in Mrs. Lowndes's pages. We get more than a glimpse, too, of men and women in other walks—Richet the psychologist, the Conte de Mun, Deroulède, Paul de Cassagnac, in politics, the artist Detaille, Sara Bernhardt and Judic of the stage, and the once famous Mme. de Thèbes the soothsayer—all very interesting to us who lived and read in their day. As for Mrs. Lowndes herself, there is less "color" in the picture; this reviewer seemed to sense a curious restraint in her strictly autobiographical details; nowhere does she "let herself go." There is keen objectivity in her recollections and judgments of others, which is welcome and illuminating, but when it is a case of "memories," one likes a little more than this. Some day someone will write a biography of Marie Belloc Lowndes—may the day be far distant!—and these "memoirs" won't help him very much. But it is ungrateful to complain when there are other things for which to give thanks. T. F. W.

Spanish American Poets. An Anthology Edited by H. R. Hays. Yale. $3.50.

A MOST INTERESTING selection of the works of representative modern Latin American poets, with an excellent, comprehensive introduction by the editor. Mr. Hays writes a brief scholarly history of the development of this art in Latin America which prepares the reader for a fuller understanding of the contents of the book.

The poetry itself is well translated on the whole, quite literally, with no attempt, as the translator himself anticipates, other than to give the reader a faithful interpretation of the poet's words. This alone is a feat requiring great imagination, for the modern poet is at best complicated and obscure in his images.

To interpret the thought underlying the words would require an even greater poet than the original creator. Take for example the following lines from "Ode with a Lament" by the celebrated Chilean, Pablo Neruda:

> I can only love you with waves behind me,
> Between wandering gusts of sulphur and pensive waters,
> Swimming toward cemeteries that flow in certain rivers
> With wet pasturage growing above sad tombs of plaster,
> Swimming through submerged hearts
> And pale catalogues of unburied children.

However, North American readers who like and understand modern poetical trends lose nothing in Mr. Hays' translation and can let their fancy run rife.

The editor is to be lauded for his choice of authors, all of unquestioned prominence and reputation, and for his admirable restraint in numbers. Unlike most anthologies this one does not suffer from over lengthiness and makes no pretense of covering the field.

When the poems lend themselves to translation at all, Mr. Hays is happy in his rendition, as particularly in the rythmic words of Nicolás Guillén's Afro-Cuban poems:

> What are you kicking for,
> Big-lipped Negro?
> Out of work, out of money . . .

There are several poetic jewels in this collection which the reader who has a knowledge of Spanish will particularly appreciate. LULÚ VARGAS VILA.

Companion Volumes to the Bible

CONCORDANCE TO THE BIBLE

(Douay Version)

By
REV. NEWTON THOMPSON, S.T.D.
and
RAYMOND STOCK

1,255 pages. Buckram.

$7.50

Priests have long been hoping for a Catholic concordance. Here is one, and a good one.

—The Ecclesiastical Review

A HARMONY OF THE GOSPELS

By
REV. NEWTON THOMPSON, S.T.D.

$2.50

This is a book for the student, the preacher and all those interested in studying Christ as the four Evangelists saw Him.

—The Liguorian

A HANDY GUIDE FOR WRITERS

By
REV. NEWTON THOMPSON, S.T.D.

$2.00

The professional man who must write reports, papers, and perhaps even a book will find this handbook a veritable mine of information on English usage, particularly in those technical aspects which are commonly neglected in correspondence and commercial printed materials.

—The American School Board Journal

B. Herder Book Co.

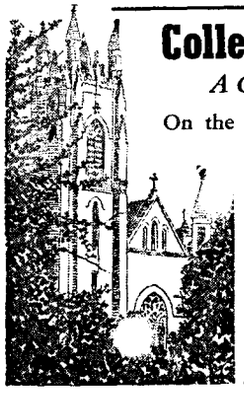
15 and 17 South Broadway

ST. LOUIS 2, MO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WANTED–ATABRINE!

The supply of quinine is dwindling fast. In many missions in Africa hundreds of thousands suffer from the plague of malaria. Many others must take preventive doses every day of some anti-malarial drug. The most commonly used of all substitutes for quinine is atabrine. This remedy is being employed in immense quantities by our armies in the field. Hence, we have changed the name of our Quinine Fund to the Atabrine Fund, and shall welcome donations to purchase atabrine for the missions. Could you but see the wretched victims of malaria in the missions, their vitality sapped, their health undermined, many threatened with death, you would be generous in sending contributions to buy atabrine. Interest others, also, in making atabrine contributions. "The Body for the Sake of the Soul, the Body and the Soul for God." Address Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J., President, Catholic Medical Mission Board, 10 W. 17th St., New York 11, N. Y.



College of St. Elizabeth

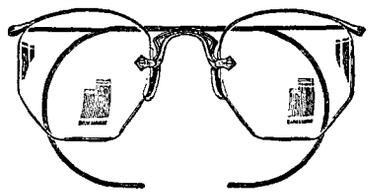
A Catholic College for Women

On the approved list of the Association of American Universities

Campus of 400 acres
Modern residence halls

Regular arts courses, pre-medical, secretarial, teacher-training, music, home economics, science.
Degrees—B.A., B.S. in Commerce, B.S. in Home Economics.

For catalogue, address the Dean
Convent Station, New Jersey



EYE EXAMINATION

● Three registered optometrists having years of experience are at your service, to give you examination and advice.

● GLASSES at reasonable prices

JOHN J. HOGAN, INC.
MX EAST 34th STREET, NEW YORK
Opposite B. Altman's 34th St. Entrance
Telephone: CAledonia 5-6774

ESTABLISHED 1893
Louis Merckling & Staff
Optometrists

Are you keeping UP the percentage of your income that you put into War Savings? Back the Attack—Help in the fight against inflation —Provide for your post-war needs.

The Inner Forum

Missionaries Depart

ANOTHER indication as to the course of the war is the fact that after a lapse of two years American missionaries are again sailing for the Middle East and the Far East. Twelve of the Jesuit missionaries who have left for the mission fields in the past four months have gone to Baghdad, Iraq and to India. It is not a full compliment of missioners as the State Department at present restricts permission to necessary replacements in missions that are already established. But for the first time since Pearl Harbor the way to the Orient has been reopened.

Writing in *Jesuit Missions,* on which he serves as Editor, Rev. Calvert Alexander, S.J., describes how departure ceremonies were this year. "As a matter of fact there were no departure services at all. During the weeks before sailing the missionaries waited tensely with bags packed for the permit to go. The fifteen who were sent to Alaska, Jamaica, British Honduras and Nicaragua traveled for the most part by plane. The twelve India and Baghdad men, however, went by boat over submarine infested seas and through areas where actual war was in progress. . . . They came to the Jesuit Mission residence, remained for a few days, conferring secretly with Shipping Board officials and then one day the community at the residence would find that they had gone. . . ."

The Baghdad mission is staffed by men from the Jesuits' New England province. Three of the missioners who have just gone there utilized the year they had to wait in New York by taking advanced courses in Arabic at Columbia University. Several of them had already served in Baghdad as scholastics. Three of the Jesuits who have just reached India have been trying to get there since their appointment in 1940. They and their companions are from the Chicago Province of the Society of Jesus.

Father Alexander believes that the time has now come for the United States to take the leadership once held by Holland, France, Belgium and Germany in mission lands. "We thought of our duty to Europe, which had in the early mission days sent many men to establish the Church here. Our origin was missionary; and our destiny in the future was obviously that we be preeminent in bringing our faith to those who were without it. . . ."

CONTRIBUTORS

F. A. HERMENS, one of the editors of *The Review of Politics,* is on the faculty of Notre Dame University. He is an expert on proportional representation.

Leo Leonard CAMP is an instructor in English at St. Mary's University, California.

Anne GREEN is a distinguished novelist and translator, the sister of Julian Green.

William AGAR is Educational Director at Freedom House, New York City.

Dr. Bernard Iddings BELL is an Episcopalian clergyman, author of "The Church in Disrepute."

William CALLAHAN was formerly managing editor of *The Catholic Worker* and member of the staff of the Chicago *New World.*

Otto BIRD was formerly on the faculty of St. John's University, Brooklyn, N. Y., and is now associated with the Center of Information Pro Deo.

Rev. Richard FLOWER, O.S.B. is sub-prior at St. Gregory's Priory, Portsmouth, R. I.

Lulú Vargas VILA frequently reviews books for THE COMMONWEAL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED